

THE SILENT WORLD

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No. 16.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth!
Happy spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes!
May flowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed;
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters of duty borne,
Fairest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we content for His heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I WAS a boy at school, seven or eight years old. It was Wednesday forenoon. We had half-holidays Wednesdays and Saturdays; school kept only in the forenoon of those days. The long forenoon was over, and the bell rang. We crowded to the door and squeezed through, one at a time, as boys will. A tall thin man stood outside and handed each one as he passed out, a small piece of paper, on which was printed the announcement of an exhibition to take place that afternoon. I received one of the handbills with the others, read it, and turned back to ask the man some question. He looked at me a moment and then pointing at his ear, shook his head. I stared. What did he mean? I did not know, but finding I could get nothing from the man, I ran home to dinner.

The price of admission to the exhibition was very small—six cents, if I remember aright, and I had no great difficulty in teasing the amount out of my father, with permission to attend the "show." I shall never forget the delights of that afternoon. Little men and women moved about the stage and went into little houses, fired little guns with a loud report, and rode miniature horses. There was a battle, and some of the puppet-soldiers were killed and fell to the ground. I went early and secured a good seat. Not even the fact that a big boy turned me out of it and took possession, making me sit on his knee—by no means a comfortable seat for so long a time, diminished my delight. I could not find out what made the puppets move, but that did not matter: they did move, and their actions were so natural that I was almost persuaded they were alive. After the puppets, a man, who seemed to my childish eyes to be all naked except for a black velvet and bead

cloth around his waist, played with heavy cannon balls, throwing them up and catching them as they fell with his feet, and performing similar feats. It was over at last; and regretfully, I saw the curtain fall, and made my way home. I found the whole house in alarm—my sister was sick, and when the doctor came, he said she had the scarlet fever.

The weeks that followed were terribly long and lonesome. I was taken from school for fear of spreading the fever. For the same reason, I was left very much to myself, and saw but little of my young friends and companions. I wandered alone over the whole town seeking amusement and, too often, not finding it. To add to the discomforts of my situation, the doctor had put us on a "diet" (a terrible word it was to me then), and I was obliged to eat mush and milk, which was my special abomination, and was not allowed to have candy, pie, or cake. My sister was very sick, and father and mother were so occupied with taking care of her, that they had little time to attend to my other sister and myself. Is it any wonder that I got into mischief and was often punished, and soon came to feel deserted and alone in the world?

One day, I was out on the water, and was obliged to jump in to save myself from falling. Fortunately, it was not deep, and I easily waded to the shore. I did not dare to go home, wet as I was, for my father had forbidden me to go on the water, so I emptied the water out of my boots, wrung it out of my trousers as well as I could, and sat in the sun until my clothes were dry. But, as might have been expected, I caught cold, and a day or two afterwards, when my sister was able to leave her bed, I was so sick that I was put in her place. When the doctor came, he simply said: "he has got it," and that is the last I remembered for many weeks.

When I came to myself, the first thing I noticed was that my parents and friends never spoke to me, but printed what they wished to say on a slate. I myself spoke to them as usual. They printed that I had been very sick and must keep quiet. I was so weak that I was satisfied, and asked no more questions, but lay still, vaguely wondering why they did not talk to me, and finally concluding they were afraid it might hurt me to be spoken to. I grew better rapidly, and was soon able to sit up. People still printed to me, but I had grown so accustomed to it that I thought little about it. I made another discovery. The bells of the church across the street always rung at noon and at nine o'clock at night; I did not hear them. It puzzled me for a long time, but I finally made up my mind that my parents had obtained authority to have the ringing stopped while I was so sick. The days went by; I was able to walk about the house, and then to go out of doors. People continued to print to me, and I did not hear the bells, although I was quite recovered. I do not know how I found it out; I do not think any one ever told me in plain words, but I gradually settled down into the conviction that it would always be so: that *I was deaf*.

I have been deaf many years now. I have been educated at an institution for the deaf and dumb. I know what the man meant by pointing at his ear and shaking his head, and I have learned that my story is only one of many; but the impression stamped on my mind by my first meeting with a deaf and dumb man and the memory of the delightful afternoon that followed will never be effaced.

BUILT OF SEA-SHELLS.

I've just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *sea-shells*!

This is how it happened:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be as well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells and fresh-water shells in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

ANTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE thriftiest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange, and lemon trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hot-beds for their dainty plants, in chambers underground.

One colony of leaf cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts: for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony: the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise. When they have n't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in—as you might climb up on a load of hay—and so enjoys a nice ride home.—From "*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*," *St. Nicholas* for August.

WHEN deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

LUCINDA MICHAEL.

I CLASPED the slender fingers with a feeling in my heart that I had never felt before. Deaf and blind! How impossible to define the emotions that stir the depths of the heart when brought face to face with a living, suffering proof of the fact that, in our world, so crowded with the keen enjoyments derived from the senses of sight and hearing, there are those who are both deaf and blind. I had heard of such, only to wonder and ponder afresh over the great, unrevealed mystery called "God's providence," which involves us in such a sea of doubts and perplexities when we attempt to account for the unequal distribution of His mercies; but now to hold the warm, living hand of such a one; to gaze into the sightless eyes; to touch the mute lips and closed ears, with the cry "why? why?" coming from a heart swelling with sympathy and compassion, was all so different. Yet she appeared cheerful and even contented. No traces of passion and unrest on the patient features, sad though they were; and methink I can see the answer to the "why?" as I look out into the world and see what Christ-like pity for the suffering of others does for mankind, and beyond into that glorious unfolding, where the sightless eyes shall behold His beauty, the mute lips sing His praise, and the unclosed ears listen in exalted rapture to the exquisite harmonies of heaven.

It was only by accident that I found her in this little village of Michigantown in the Eastern part of Clinton Co., Indiana. It was in a poor, little uncarpeted room, with the evidences of poverty all around her, that I found her, living alone with her aged mother. From the latter, I gained the following information. She was born deaf and was sent to the Indiana Institution for the education of the deaf and dumb when sixteen years old, where she remained three years. She appeared to learn very fast while she was in school, and took great pleasure in reading and writing after her return home. About fourteen years ago, she began to grow blind from some unknown cause, and soon lost her sight entirely. Nothing has ever been done in the way of medical treatment for her eyes, owing to the lack of means with which to defray expenses.

Although deaf, dumb, and blind she is not entirely helpless, but manages to get around her little home, and does a large share of the house work. No one interested in the deaf ever visited her previous to the writer. She has a pleasant face that would, doubtless, also be a very intelligent looking one under ordinary circumstances, and when I placed my hand in hers, and spelled slowly:

"What is your name?"

An expression of surprise and intense pleasure flashed over her features as she readily replied:

"Lucinda Michael."

"Did you ever attend school?" I next asked; and she gave a quick, affirmative nod of the head with increasing interest.

"Who was your teacher?"

Her memory appeared to fail her, and she answered only with a perplexed shake of the head.

"How old are you?"

"Forty years old" was the ready answer, and although she did not look older than thirty, the statement was corroborated by her mother.

"Are you happy?"

No, she was sad, or "sorry," in her phrase.

"Do you love God?"

Another affirmative nod of the head, spelling over the word "love" as if it brought some old, pleasant memory back to her.

These were all the questions I could get satisfactory answers to. Eager as she was to talk, her little stock of knowledge had evident-

ly almost faded away in her long night of darkness and silence. She asked me if I was deaf, and if I came from the Indiana or Illinois Institution; but the only information she volunteered to offer respecting herself was, that she had not always been blind. Her eyes looked clear and perfectly natural, but to the effort to gain her attention, she gave in signs the mournful reply, "It is all dark; I can not see."

LAURA.

POOR CHILDREN'S EXCURSIONS.

Poor children's excursions seem to have become a part of the system of voluntary charities in the great cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. This is the third summer season since they were generally inaugurated, and though there is less said about them this year than formerly, the novelty of the movement having passed, they are none the less popular. In New York, any one who will contribute \$100 towards the Poor Children's Excursion Fund, may superintend one of these excursions, and have the honor of calling it his own. He indeed is a quiet benefactor, for whose work titles are no compensation, who takes a party of these neglected, unloved little ones, out of the airless, healthless tenement alleys of the sun-smitten city and gives them one perfect day of enjoyment on the cool sea, and amid the green groves and waving fields of the great paradise of the country, revealing to them a new life and capacities of enjoyment of which many of them never dreamed.

In Boston, these excursions have the most systematic management, and embrace all the poor children of the city. The excursionists in former years went by boat to some of the delightful summer resorts in the harbor or in the bay. They now go by rail to Silver Lake, a bright sheet of water some five miles in circumference, lying in the centre of one of the great pine woods which reach out from the old historic town of Plymouth, Mass., in the present township of Plympton.

We spent a few hours in company with the first party of these excursionists, and have seldom witnessed a greater overflow of joy. The children numbered over one thousand, and embraced the North End Mission Sunday-school and the neglected street children from the poorest precincts of the city. We had often seen them on hot evenings, hatless, shoeless, playing in their rags on the sidewalks of the narrow streets, and felt if the Christianity of the city was anywhere lacking in its mission, it was here. "And now that the houses on the broad avenues that radiate from the Common and Public Garden were closed for the summer, and the people of wealth had gone to the cool retreats by the sea, we could but rejoice that these poor children were again remembered and feel that the "cup of water only" would not fail in its reward.

When the train stopped in Plympton Woods, the little excursionists were so overjoyed that the boys leaped from the windows of the cars with a shout, presenting a novel scene, which might have tempted the pencil of an artist. They were marshalled into a column, and marched to the picnic-stand to the music of the band. A lunch was served, and then there was a rush for the lake. In a few minutes, the cool, shaded waters were alive with nimble swimmers, and the shouts of happy voices filled the shores, while the winds whispered low among the pines.

The children had some noble-hearted waiters at their service, when the band led them to the dinner-tables. Among them was the wife of our temperance governor of the State, and other ladies of position.

At the close of a day replete with enjoyment, the train swept back from the darkening pine groves of Plympton, all of the children bearing bunches of ferns which they had gathered in the cool

shadows of the woods, the boys singing "Glory Hallelujah" and the band playing "Home Again" and "Robin Adair." As Mr. Jones, the faithful superintendent of the North End Mission Sunday-school, passed through the train, car after car rang with cheers, of whose sincerity there could be no doubt. The hearty shout showed how grateful the susceptible hearts of children are to their benefactors, which was not the least pleasing occurrence of the long and happy day.—*Youth's Companion*.

DETERMINED TO GET AN ANSWER.

A TALL, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion arrived in New York the other day, and having no baggage but a light travelling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station.

"Fee—thyanoo hotel! Fifth avenue—go in' ritup! Fifth avenue?"

Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Nicholas hotel! Say Nicholas hotel coach? This way for the S' Nicholas!"

No response from the passenger, and not a muscle moved at this appeal. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride up?"

"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Breevort House? Breevort?"—"Metropolitan Hotel?" "Right down Broadway!"—"Ere you are, kerridge, sir?"

The traveller loomed up like a ten-pin among vinegar cruets, and with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarvies, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who, running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his travelling bag—

"Deaf and Dumb Institution, sir? Going right up."

This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down town hotel.

LIFE.

How do we make and how take it? We each have a share of the enjoyments and burdens. We are prone to call the burdens many, and the enjoyments few. Every day spent is one less to live. How many of these are marred by wishing for what we have not! Mrs. A. has a new parlor carpet, and Mrs. B. is miserable, because she can not have one, too; while Mrs. C. turns her old one, and declares that it is as good as new. While riding through the streets of a city one hot summer day a short time since, I saw a small boy with a large basket of kindling wood. Instead of carrying it in the usual way by the handle, he had tied a string on one end, and was dragging it along behind him. He will do, thought I, life's burdens to him will not be burdens. Life is what we make it, receiving it as we should, as God would have us; making what seems hard, smooth; and always keeping in mind the numberless blessings bestowed. If you can not afford jelly, remember that you have plenty of bread and butter. When we can, let us put a string on the end of a basket (being thankful that it is wear-proof on the bottom, and drag it along; when we can not, let us take it by the handle manfully, no matter how heavy, being sure that more will not be put in it than we can carry.

A LITTLE boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and if he knew what wrong his brethren did in disposing of him, when he replied "I suppose they sold him too cheap."

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WASHINGTON, AUGUST 15, 1874.

PASSING through Hartford recently, we took a glimpse at the Gallaudet Monument, and noticed an evidence of the presence of the Clerc Memorial Committee of Arrangements or an effect of the letter of Mr. Carlin to the Board of Directors of the Asylum, lately published in THE SILENT WORLD; we do not know which. The monument had been cleaned, and was looking somewhat better than it usually does. The cracks in it, however, are of such a nature that they can be remedied only by an entire renewal of the framing of the panels.

ONE day, we were standing near an old man who was chopping wood. A little child of some five or six years was playing near. Presently, it ceased playing and coming into dangerous proximity to the axe, stopped to watch the chopper. As he told it to stand away, he remarked to us: "it is strange how children *will* go near danger." We have often been reminded of the old man's observation when thinking how deaf persons *will* walk on the railroad. Hitherto, nothing has been sufficient to keep them from doing it. A new expedient is about to be tried, which aims to prevent, not only deaf, but all other persons from walking on the track. We see by a paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers, that several of the largest railroad companies have determined to enforce the law, which exists in some states, forbidding all persons not railroad employees to walk on the track. The penalty is a heavy fine or even imprisonment. One or two of the New York companies have already had persons arrested for violation of this law; and all sensible persons; deaf ones in particular, will thank them for it and hope their efforts will continue.

THE report of the Executive Committee of the Clerc Memorial Union for the last quarter must be gratifying alike to the Committee and to all interested in the erection of a monument to Laurent Clerc. Elsewhere will be found the programme of the exercises on the day of dedication, which is fixed for September 2d, 1874, the invitation to be present to all persons interested, and the arrangements made with hotels and railroads. All but five of the associations have paid in their contributions to the Treasurer of the Union. A new organization, the Arkansas Clerc Monument Association, has collected thirty dollars. The Treasurer of the Union now holds the sum of \$2,352.98, and the balances reported, but not yet received, amount to \$524.00, making a grand total, after deducting all expenses, of \$2,876.98. It is to be noticed that nearly every association has paid in a larger sum than it last reported or promised. The Committee are confident that the Board of Managers will be able to pay for the monument in full immediately on its completion. As the Board of Directors of the American Asylum has consented to take care of the monument, as it does of that to Gallaudet, there will be no need of a contingent fund to keep it in repair. The next and final report of the Committee will, probably, be presented at the dedication.

THE TENDENCIES OF INSTITUTION LIFE.

Two gentlemen, whose opinions have special claims on our consideration, the one because he has made the subject a matter of particular investigation, and the other on account of his connection with the deaf and dumb and his experience as an instructor, have recently called attention to two of the evil tendencies of our institutions for the deaf and dumb, as at present conducted. Mr. Ackers, of England, in his letter to *The Annals* on the relative merits of the articulation and sign systems of instruction, advanced the opinion that the children in our institutions are not as fond of their homes and friends as they might be. Mr. Caruthers, of Arkansas, at the Belleville Convention, in a paper on "The development of strength of character in deaf-mute education," in which he gave the subject special attention, suggested that the system of making the deaf and dumb so much the wards of the state had a tendency to make them dependent.

Without entering into the merits of either side of the questions, a little reflection will show that, in the very nature of things, there must be a very considerable tendency in the directions these gentlemen have pointed out. The institution necessarily takes the child away from its home and parents and, for a long period of time (six or seven years is, perhaps, not too long an average), is both home and parents to it. It can not be wondered at then that the tendency should be for the child to regard the institution much as it would regard its home under other circumstances. Yet it is in no sense true that the child does not love its home; many of the children could not love and honor their homes and home-friends more than they do: but notwithstanding, the fact remains that the feeling would probably be developed to a greater extent, generally speaking, if it was possible for the children to be more at home, and less at the institution.

It is by no means true that deaf-mutes are generally, or as a class, dependent. The great majority are not only independent, but are honored and looked up to by those who know them best. Unfortunately, these cases are not brought into general notice; and when we think how often we meet a deaf and dumb beggar or peddler, thrusting himself forward at all times and in all places, we are apt to forget them, and make the sweeping assertion that the deaf and dumb are improvident and dependent. It is true, however, that receiving their education and almost everything else from the state, as they do, and living apart by themselves for so many years, their ideas respecting their duties to themselves and to others, in many respects, can not but be very vague and imperfect.

If intercourse with one another is bad for the deaf and dumb, as not a few maintain, the whole tendency of their education and life in the institution is to confirm it. The almost entire absence from institution life of the educating influence of intercourse with others of different training and experience from themselves tends to make the deaf and dumb a class apart from the world, so that even when so disposed, they not only fail to understand the world, but the world fails to understand them. As long as this is so, it is vain to tell the deaf-mute that his own good demands that he should associate with hearing people. When he does, he is too often compelled to return to those like himself, finding, by sad experience, that by associating as far as possible with them, his life is smoother, and he is spared pain, annoyance, and mortification.

The field opened by the least consideration of this subject is very large. We have only specified one or two of these evil tendencies of institution life; others will, doubtless, suggest themselves to every thoughtful person at all acquainted with the subject.

It is not our province to point out remedies for what must be admitted as peculiar defects in our present system of instruction. It is for the teachers and those at the head of institutions to do

that. We believe, however, that every deaf-mute, if he be made to fully comprehend these tendencies, may do more or less to counteract and correct them; and it is in the hope of assisting in their comprehension that we have written this article, being confident that the discussion and consideration, and, above all, the knowledge of the matter by deaf-mutes themselves can not fail to be of great importance and benefit to them.

DEDICATION OF THE CLERC MONUMENT. PROGRAMME.

NEW YORK, August 3, 1874.

THE monument to Laurent Clerc, the tribute of grateful and affectionate homage offered by the deaf-mutes of America to the memory of their friend and benefactor, will be dedicated at the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, September 2d, 1874.

A cordial invitation to attend the ceremonies is hereby extended to the family and friends of Mr. Clerc, deaf-mutes and their friends, present and former educators of the deaf and of other classes, the citizens of Hartford and neighborhood, and all others interested.

Associates of Mr. Clerc in the work of instruction and his old pupils, are specially invited, and will confer a favor by sending notice of their intention to be present to Mr. Syle.

CEREMONIES.

The programme for the day is as follows:

At 9 A. M., a meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Clerc Memorial Union will be held. The Presidents of co-operating organizations are invited to be present.

Religious services will afterwards be conducted in the chapel.

At 3 P. M., the monument, which will stand exactly opposite that to Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, will be unveiled, after prayer by Rev. W. W. Turner, Ph. D., ex-Principal of the Asylum. An address will then be made by the President of the Memorial Union, Thomas Brown, Esq., of West Henniker, N. H., on behalf of the contributors, committing it to the care of the Directors of the Asylum, and a response will be made by the President of the latter corporation, Hon Calvin Day, of Hartford, or his representative.

A procession will then be formed and proceed to a suitable hall, where an oration will be delivered by James Denison, M. A., of Washington, D. C., and addresses made by other distinguished gentlemen.

At 9 P. M., a banquet will be served at the Park Central Hotel—tickets, \$1.50.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The hospitalities of the Asylum have been tendered by the Directors to the officers of the Memorial Union and such others as can conveniently be entertained there; the number that can be comfortably accommodated is about *two hundred*.

The following hotels will receive persons attending the dedication at reduced rates, viz:

Union Hall Hotel, Farmington Avenue, one block from the Asylum, \$1.75 per day.

United States Hotel, State Street, opposite the State House, \$2.50 per day.

Park Central Hotel, High Street, near the depot, \$3.00 per day, or \$1.00 for room only.

Allyn House, corner Asylum and Trumbull Streets, \$3.00 per day.

Arrangements are being made with other hotels. Several private families have offered to receive guests at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.

Persons wishing to be entertained at the Asylum will please write as soon as possible to Mr. Weeks, who will immediately

answer if they can be accommodated. He will also give information regarding hotels.

All visitors are requested to register themselves at the Asylum as soon as convenient after their arrival.

RAILROADS.

Every effort has been made to obtain reduced rates on all the principal railroads from Maine to Washington and St. Louis; but unsuccessfully, except with the three following:

Vermont Central—return free, New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and Albany and Susquehanna—excursion rates.

These all require a guaranty of at least twenty-five persons in a party. It is, therefore, requested that all persons intending to come over these lines, or by the boats from New York (with which arrangements are not yet concluded), will *inform Mr. Newell* at once.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

There are now in the hands of the Treasurer of the Memorial Union and reported by local associations, sums altogether nearly equal to the estimated cost of the monument, three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00). Further contributions will be gladly received by Mr. Newell, Mr. Weeks, or any of the local treasurers.

Photographs of Mr. Clerc and of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D., and views of the monument, to be taken when it is erected, will be on sale for the benefit of the memorial fund.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Henry Winter Syle, *Chairman*, Secretary of the National Clerc Memorial Union, 63 Rapelyea Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles S. Newell, Jr., Treasurer of the National Clerc Memorial Union.—P. O. address, Station "M," New York City.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

William H. Weeks, President of the N. E. C. M. A.; William L. Bird, Secretary of the N. E. C. M. A., American Asylum for deaf and dumb, Hartford, Conn.

COLLAMORE IS DEAF.

MR. COLLAMORE'S child was baptized at our church, the other day, and when he came to the minister with it, the clergyman said to him, in a low voice:

"Tell me its name. I'm ready to begin."

"Twins!" exclaimed Mr. Collamore, who is as deaf as ever. "Twins! gracious! we have n't got twins. This is the only one, I assure you."

"No, no," said the pastor; "I say we ought to begin."

"Forty twins? I don't understand you," said Collamore. "I merely want you to baptize this child, you understand."

"I asked you what was its name," said the minister in despair. "What do you call it?"

"No, sir, it don't bawl a bit. It is the quietest baby you ever saw."

"What—is—the—name—of—the—child?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh! never mind its dress," said Collamore, "we don't mind if it is sp'iled. Sp'ile it as much as you choose. The baby don't mind a little water."

"What do you call the child? What's its name?" shrieked the minister.

"No, we are not going to call her Mary Jane," said Collamore, promptly. "We did think of Louisa, but I believe Mrs. Collamore finally settled on Cleopatra."

Then the clergyman baptized the child "Cleopatra." And old Collamore, after answering the questions all in the wrong places, shuffled down the aisle after the baby, wondering what on earth the congregation were laughing at. He will ruin that church if he remains in it.

PERSONAL.

MR. C. AUG. BROWN has subscribed for *The Journal*.

MR. WILLIAM EARNEST, whose visit to Washington we noticed recently, has been visiting New York City.

MRS. T. H. GALLAUDET and her daughter, the wife of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, are spending a couple of weeks at Mexico, N. Y.

MR. GEO. WING, of the Minnesota Institution, and Miss Annie F. Cummings, of Bangor, Me., were married on the 13th ult.

MR. JAMES NACK, the deaf poet and friend of the late J. R. Burnet, contributes a poem to a recent number of "*The Journal*" in memory of Mr. Burnet.

MISS MARY J. WILCOX, a graduate of the American Asylum, now resides in the pleasant village of Deep River, Conn., where, in her leisure moments, she wields a dangerous mallet at croquet.

MR. W. K. CHASE, of Mandarin, Florida, has been very successful in experimenting in growing grapes in Florida. He thinks the State is well suited to the cultivation of grapes on a large scale.

MR. PRATT, of the Minnesota Institution, is spending his vacation at his home in Centre Brook, Conn., and with his brother, formerly a teacher in the same Institution, gaining health and strength by indulging frequently in the National game.

MR. S. T. LEE, the young deaf-mute Englishman who recently visited this country, writes us that he has arrived safely at his home in Manchester, England. He says he learned very much during his visit that he will remember as long as he lives.

MR. WILLIAM J. COPELAND, a deaf-mute, is working as a book canvasser in Georgia. The first week he made \$51.50 in five days, and the business continues good. The book is for "grangers," and almost every one buys it, which accounts for the large sales.

SERVICES for deaf-mutes were held in Mexico, N. Y., on the 26th ult., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating. In the morning, Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the usual service for hearing people, and in the evening, conducted services of his own. The weather was unfavorable, but notwithstanding, the number of deaf persons present was something over twenty. At the evening services, two gentlemen were baptized.

A VERY pleasant and successful surprise celebration in honor of the birthday of Mrs. H. C. Rider came off at Mexico, N. Y., on the 27th ult. A large number of her friends were in town to attend the religious services held the day before by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. Rider was let into the secret, and, with his help, it was easy to persuade Mrs. Rider to attend a concert in the evening. As soon as the party were gone, the surprisers took possession of the house, and had things all their own way. The usual summer evening refreshments were made ready in the dining-room, the lights were put out, and the company waited in darkness for the return of the concert party. This took place at about 9 o'clock; and as they entered the house, a flood of light was turned on from the gas, and her friends rushed forward to congratulate Mrs. Rider and wish her many returns of the day. The surprise was most complete and the enjoyment, until a late hour, perfect. Among those present were, Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, Mrs. Grace Chandler, Miss H. A. Avery, Mr. F. L. Selinney, Mr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, and Mr. C. O. Upham.

It has been estimated, by careful calculation, that if, during the last postal year, stamped envelopes had been used in every instance where postage-stamps were put on the letters and packages mailed in the United States, the mere omission of those tiny squares of paper would have lessened the weight of the mail-bags by more than forty thousand pounds, and have saved in paper alone fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ON READING.

THE vacation is more than half over; and it is not altogether improbable that time hangs somewhat heavily on the hands even of those who found much to occupy them when first released from the busy routine of school and college life. In the hope that it will not be wholly unacceptable, therefore, we offer a few hints on reading; first saying that we are indebted for the plan to a little book called, if our memory serves us aright, "*The Best Reading*," and published some time ago by the Putnams, of New York.

A great deal has been said and written about systematic reading. By that we understand the taking up of some special branch of literature and the reading of all, or of a part, of the various authors who have written on the subjects belonging to that branch. The object of this sort of reading is, purely and simply, instruction, and it has always seemed to us too much like study. We would by no means deny that for those who like it, it is a good plan and calculated to give, particularly, very thorough knowledge of the subjects perused. Nor would we deny that the object of most of our reading should be the gaining of knowledge. Reading is like exercise. The object of all exercise is to assist the health, and this object is best attained, not when we keep it ever before our minds, and exercise to be healthy, but when we become so interested in what we are doing that we unconsciously lose sight of the object altogether, and, if questioned, say that we do it because we like it. So of reading, if we can become so interested in what we read that we lose all idea of reading for a purpose, we are in a condition to derive the utmost possible pleasure and benefit from it. Moreover, it is a great deal better to have general information on a variety of subjects than to be ever so well informed about any particular one. Not but what that is very desirable also, still when we have that object, we would *study*, not *read*, and expect the pleasure to be derived from it to be that which naturally pertains to study, and which, to our minds, is very different from the pleasure of reading.

We think, therefore, that it is a good plan to select some weekly or semi-weekly newspaper; it matters little where it is published or by whom. In such a paper, there will always be, in every number, a great variety of subjects and persons discussed. From each number, it will be easy to choose some subject, book, or person, or as many as there is time for, and find out as much as possible about the subject chosen—what it is and what claim it has to be mentioned in a public newspaper. The information can be obtained from books of reference, from friends and acquaintances, from other papers—anywhere and everywhere, as there is opportunity. It is important only to be careful not to undertake too much, and to learn all that is possible, be it little or much, about one subject before dropping it and taking up another.

The advantages of this plan are that the person following it is pretty sure to be thoroughly interested in what he is doing—he need take up nothing that does not interest him, and his work will be so varied and he will change so often that there is no danger of his becoming wearied. Moreover, the knowledge he acquires will be of daily and hourly use both to himself and to his friends; for, if he pursues the plan faithfully a little time, he will become so well informed on the topics of the day that his knowledge and opinions will be of value to all with whom he comes in contact.

The great disadvantage, for like everything else, the plan has disadvantages, will probably be found to be that, unless unusually favored in access to books of reference, it will not always be possible to obtain satisfactory knowledge of some of the subjects taken up. Notwithstanding, the plan is well worth a trial; if it is unsatisfactory, it will be easy to give it up and try some other.

THE apples are ripe, but, to the sorrow of our city friends, are not as good as usual.

THAT bull-pup of the steward's is really ferocious, as we happened to find out a day or two ago, while showing a lady over the Institution estate.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET returned from his vacation on the 5th inst., looking much better for his rest, and feeling, as he said, "just right for work."

THE whole Institution has been whitewashed. Students will miss some time-honored cracks and holes in the walls and ceilings of the College building when they return.

MISS PRATT, our Matron, has been spending a portion of her vacation at Hampton Beach, N. H., visiting Professor Chickering's family, and literally tumbling in the breakers.

MR. F. C. WITHERS, architect, of New York, spent the 10th inst. at the Institution. He brought the plans for the continuation of the College building and for the two professor's houses. Work will be begun on the new buildings this fall.

MELVILLE BALLARD, '66, and J. G. Parkinson, '69, have lately taken to themselves wives, very much to the surprise of all their friends. Mrs. Ballard, *nee* Miss Grace Freeman, was educated at the Columbia Institution; and Mrs. Parkinson, *nee* Miss Garret, is a hearing lady of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard are now in Maine; Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson are getting their house-keeping arrangements under way in Washington.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

TENNESSEE.

OUR school closed on the 15th of June last, and will re-open on the 18th of September next; and then we will move into the new school building, which has just been completed for the use of the school. Some of the pupils (12 in number) who could not go home, remain at the Institution during the vacation.

It is with sorrow that I chronicle the death of one of them, a fine and bright boy named Robert White. He was buried in our cemetery, as he had no home to be sent to. Previous to his illness, he was the picture of perfect health, and of a robust constitution. But disease had long lurked in his system, and at last struck him down. He had been a pupil two years in the school, and was much beloved by all his teachers and fellow-pupils, because of his kind and gentle disposition and intelligence.

The matrimonial fever has been rampant among the deaf-mutes in Tennessee. The names of those who have fallen victims to it are as follows:

Mr. Jesse Acree, of Dukedom, Weakly Co., and Miss Florence Anderson, of Memphis, on the 16th of June last. Both recently graduated from our Institution.

Mr. Pate, of McKenzie, and Miss Allen, lately of Jackson, Miss., but until her marriage a resident of Jackson, Tenn. Both graduates of our Institution, the latter having also been a pupil a few years in the Mississippi Institution.

Miss M. Bell, of New Market, was married to Mr. John Smith, a hearing man whose sister is a semi-mute.

Through Messrs. Kidd and Pope, students of the Deaf-mute College at Washington, I learn that Madame Rumorsaid there that Miss Mary Pearl, of Nashville, was married to Mr. Steigman, of St. Louis, the first of June last. This report is wholly untrue, and Miss Pearl is still in the circle of single blessedness.

Mr. J. H. Ijams, the Principal of our Institution, did not go to Canada to attend the convention which was held at the Belleville Institution for the deaf and dumb last July, because he had a sister and her husband here with him. They came here from Iowa last June to spend more than one month with us, and have lately returned to their North-west home. They are very estimable and nice people, and we all enjoyed their visit very much.

Knoxville, Tenn., August 3, 1874.

W. O. B.

KENTUCKY.

THE examination of the classes began on Thursday, July 9th, and closed on Wednesday, 15th. On Thursday morning, 16th, the bulk of the pupils joyfully wended their way homewards, and by the following Monday only five boys and less than a dozen girls could be mustered at the dinner-table, and their ranks are to be still further depleted. We wish them all a pleasant vacation.

Under the direction of our accomplished Matron, a public exhibition of *Tableaux-Vivants* was given by the pupils in the chapel of the Institution on the evening of the 14th, which, though their maiden effort, and but slight preparation having been made, proved very interesting, instructive, and successful.

The opening scene was a much-admired picture of devotional exercise. The imitation of the "Sculptor's Workshop" was excellent, though some of his work exhibited slight signs of animation. The "Trial of Patience" was well represented by a youngster impatiently waiting for "granny" to finish winding a skein of yarn which he held out while casting a wistful look at his kite behind. "May and December" was a well-rendered picture of an antiquated individual popping the momentous question to a fair and blushing young-"sweet sixteen." Oh! how the envious blood was stirred up hot within the young gallants there. A strong impulse to leap the stage and snatch the coveted prize from his withering grasp seized them all. In "Hiawatha's Wooing" and the "Music Lesson," the love element was maintained, especially in the latter. The music teacher turned his visits to quite another account than teaching his beautiful pupil how to fill the air with tuneful melodies. He entreated on his knees the hand of his charming pupil, omitting at the same time to lock the door on the enraged *pater familias*, who appeared on the scene at the critical moment. The exposition of the "Inconvenience of Unmarried Life" occasioned much merriment at the expense of an old bachelor sitting before a lantern vainly striving to thread a needle in order to repair his ventilated inexpressibles. All present were speedily convinced of the inadvisability of "single blessedness." The exhibition was enlivened by laughable pantomimes, some of which proved too much for the equanimity of those who objected to having the secrets of their toilette disclosed. The entertainment was concluded by the recital of the Lord's Prayer by four mute girls, in their own beautiful and expressive language.—*Kentucky Mute.*

HISTORY OF THE GEORGIA INSTITUTION.

IN 1831, Mr. Weld, Principal of the American Asylum, visited Georgia with several of his pupils, and gave an exhibition before the Legislature. His object was to awaken interest in the education of the deaf and dumb, who were then comparatively neglected. The Legislature appropriated \$30,000 for the education of the deaf and dumb of Georgia between the ages of ten and thirty, at the American Asylum.

Very few availed themselves of this liberal provision. The Asylum was so far off that some could not afford the expense of the journey, and others, fearful of the effect of the change of climate, were unwilling to go so far North. The interest of the public in the subject was, however, awakened, and it began to receive an increasing degree of attention.

Several gentlemen had been appointed successively to attend to the business of the admission and travelling to and from the Asylum of such of the deaf-mutes of Georgia as chose to avail themselves of the provision of the Legislature, and finally, one of them, Rev. Jesse H. Campbell, obtained the passage of an amendment to the original act, providing for the establishment of a school in the State, in which its deaf-mutes might be educated.

An arrangement was effected with the Trustees of a hearing school at Cave Spring, whereby a department for the instruction of the deaf should be opened in this school; and Mr. O. P. Fannin was appointed its head. He proceeded to Hartford, where he remained for some time, learning the method of teaching, and returned with all the Georgia deaf-mutes who were at the Asylum. The school was opened with four pupils in attendance, in a log cabin, on the 15th of May, 1846. The pupils were boarded in private families. At the close of 1847, there were about a dozen pupils; and the services of a deaf-mute gentleman, educated at the American Asylum, had been engaged as assistant teacher.

During this year (1847), a bill was passed in the Legislature, locating the "Georgia Asylum" in the village of Cave Spring, and making an appropriation for building purposes. A board of five commissioners was also created, under whose control the Institution was placed.

The Board purchased a tract of eight acres in Cave Spring, which, as subsequent events have proved, was admirably adapted for its purpose. A building of brick, two stories high, and seventy feet long by forty feet wide, was built, and ready for occupancy the last of June, 1849. Various additions have been made to this building from time to time, as the increased attendance warranted; and a good-sized building has also been erected for the use of the mechanical department. Unfortunately, owing to the numerous additions and alterations, the arrangement of the rooms is somewhat faulty, and the building is able to comfortably accommodate only sixty pupils.

From the time of the opening until March, 1862, the operations of the school were uninterrupted. Then the war interfered so seriously that the Trustees felt obliged to close the Institution. All the pupils, except two, were sent home; and a family was selected to live in the building and look after the property of the Institution. The village of Cave Spring was several times in the hands first of the Confederates and then of the Federals during the war, but the building and premises escaped without material injury; although, of course, all the furniture, bedding, table ware, &c., was made away with. The two pupils spoken of above, remained during the whole time; and entered school again when it re-opened in 1867.

In 1873, a system of water-works was built, by which an abundant supply of water is carried to all parts of the building. Shoe-making has been taught the pupils from the beginning; and arrangements have just been completed by which a local weekly paper is published at the Institution, and the pupils will, hereafter, have the choice of learning either shoe-making or printing.

DIED.

MRS. MARTHA JANE, wife of Joseph O. Pyatt, of the Pennsylvania Institution, suddenly of heart disease, on the morning of July 30th, aged 56.

A good wife and kind mother, with a heart full of Christian love for every one, her memory will be cherished in the hearts of those who are now mourning for her loss.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An eccentric old Englishman who owned much valuable live stock, named twenty-four cows after the letters of the alphabet.

In Pensacola, Florida, a preacher was recently compelled to bring his sermon to an abrupt close on account of some frogs near the church keeping up such an uproar that his congregation could not hear him.

In Lockport, N. Y., a horse, owned by a farmer three miles out of town, trotted alone into a blacksmith's shop, where he had been shod the day before. He was lame, and on pulling off one of his shoes, it was found that a nail had been driven so as to hurt his foot.

A John Bull who had been introduced to the Emperor of Russia, kept pacing a steamer's deck, exclaiming "The Czar is great! the Czar is great!" "Yes," said a bystander, "but God is greater." "Oh, to be sure," was Bull's reply; "but then, you know, the Czar is young yet."

The sugar beet-planters near Brighton, Sacramento, have 2,400 turkeys in their fields battling against the army worms. Each turkey eats, on an average, 600 worms per day, making a total loss to the latter of 1,440,000 daily. Notwithstanding this heavy loss, their numbers seem undiminished. The query now is, where do they come from?

The proverb that "God helps those who help themselves" was well paraphrased by a little fellow who tumbled into a fountain and was nearly drowned. Pale and dripping, he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him, Young America answered: "I s'pose God did save me, but then I held on to the gwass, too."

Paul Boynton has been hired by a New York inventor to advertise a life-saving dress. Boynton will be carried from New York by an outward bound steamer two hundred miles from land, where he will be left until picked up by a passing vessel. He will carry, in a rubber bag, rations for one week and signal lights and flags, and will be provided with a sectional staff twelve feet long for raising them.

There is a spring near Colusa, Cal., which emits carbonic acid gas of the rankest power. The water is ice cold, but bubbles and foams with the gas. No living thing can be found within one hundred yards of it. Birds that fly over it drop dead. A lizard a few feet above it was killed in two minutes. It would kill a man in twenty minutes. One who stood over it five minutes, felt a dull, heavy, aching sensation, and his eyes began to swim.

Some of the railroad managers have determined to enforce an observance of the law which says: "It shall not be lawful for any person, other than those connected with or employed upon the railroad, to walk along the track or tracks of any railroad, except where the same shall be laid along public roads or streets." Several arrests have been made on the line of the New York Central. The extreme penalty is one year's imprisonment and \$250 fine.

One night recently, a package of mail matter was received at the New Haven Post-office from the North, bound for Vineyard Haven, Mass. The curiosity of the handlers thereof was awakened by a ticking noise as if the matter was alive. An investigation followed, when it was discovered that the package contained a clock, which was ticking as steadily as if it had been upon some staid mantel-piece. The time indicated by the hands was 9:09, which was exactly the time by the City Hall clock.

The students of Bates College, a Baptist institution at Lewiston, Me., pay their way by working during the summer season as hotel waiters at the Glen House, in the White Mountains. The four classes of the college number together about one hundred young fellows, and forty of them have found work at the Glen House this Summer. One of the guests was so much pleased with their honest, manly bearing, that on going away, he left \$300 to be divided among them.

A Boston artist who excels as an animal painter, saw, as he was passing through one of the rural towns of Massachusetts, a very animated looking bull. Thinking he would like to take him on canvas, he got permission of the owner, an honest old farmer, and in due time produced an excellent likeness of the bull, which he sold for \$200. On seeing the farmer soon after, he told him he had sold the picture of his bull for \$200. "Good gracious!" said the old man; "Why, I would have sold the bull for less than that!"

A teacher, wishing to improve the occasion, said to the boys at the conclusion of a strawberry festival, "Have you enjoyed these berries to-day?" "Yes," "Yes, sir," came from all sides, with unmistakable heartiness. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate without my leave, and picked them from the vines, would they have tasted as good as now?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Why not?" "Because," said a wide-awake boy, then we should n't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

A small child of Mr. Edmundson, of Concord township, Louisiana County, Iowa, came running into the house, exclaiming: "Look, mamma, pretty, pretty!" She had caught a rattlesnake around the neck, its body and tail were wrapped around her arm, and the child thought she had the prettiest thing imaginable. The mother, thoroughly frightened, fainted; but the father with great presence of mind, caught the child's hand and held his snakeship so tightly that it could not bite, until with the other hand, he had unwound the snake from the child's arm, when with a sudden jerk he threw it out of doors, and then killed it.

A few days ago, a fashionable lady stopping at Sandwich, near Detroit, took a bath in some of the spring water of that place. The water is powerfully impregnated with sulphur. On emerging from the bath, she stepped to a mirror, as ladies occasionally do, when, to her horror, she saw that her face, neck, and arms had turned black. She believed she was dying—that mortification had set in. Her fears were allayed when she learned that the startling color of the flesh was a chemical result, the sulphur in the water acting upon the lead contained in some article for the toilet she had been using to artificially improve the fairness of her complexion.

Manners are simple in Iceland. There is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich and hardly anybody abjectly poor; everybody has to work for himself, and works with his own hands. There is no title of respect save Hara to the bishop and Sira to a priest; not even such a title as, Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady, you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgerdr is in; or, if you wish to give her full name, Ingibjorg Thorvaldsdottir, or Eiriksottir, or Bjarnardottir (as the case may be), for there is no title of politeness to apply. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for, as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names, there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir after her marriage with Gudmundr just as before, while her children are Gudmundrson and Gudmundsdottir.

"Dad," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on the table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely-roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner-table, "why, my son, there are two." "Two!" replied the smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it." "Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them, "I'd like to see you prove that." "Easily done, sir—easily done. Ain't that one?" laying his knife on the first. "Yes, that's certain," said dad. "And ain't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two make three?" "Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."